

EL PASO HERALD

Established April, 1881. The El Paso Herald includes also, by absorption and succession, The Daily News, The Telegraph, The Tribune, The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent, The Journal, The Republican, The Bulletin.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AMER. NEWSP. PUBLISHERS' ASSOC. Entered at the Postoffice in El Paso, Tex., as Second Class Matter.

Dedicated to the service of the people, that no good cause shall lack a champion, and that evil shall not thrive unopposed.

The Daily Herald is issued six days a week and the Weekly Herald is published every Thursday, at El Paso, Texas; and the Sunday Mail Edition is also sent to Weekly Subscribers.

Business Office Bell 1115
Editorial Rooms 1116
Advertising Department 1117
Telephone 1118

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Daily Herald, per month, \$1.00; per year, \$10.00. The Daily Herald is delivered by carriers in El Paso, East El Paso, Fort Bliss and Tularosa, and Ciudad Juarez, Mexico, at 50 cents a month. A subscriber desiring the address on his paper changed will please state in his communication both the old and the new address.

COMPLAINTS. Subscribers failing to get The Herald promptly should call at the office or telephone No. 115 before 6:30 p. m. All complaints will receive prompt attention.

GUARANTEED CIRCULATION. The Herald bases all advertising contracts on a guarantee of more than twice the circulation of any other El Paso, Arizona, New Mexico or west Texas paper. Daily average exceeding 10,000.

The Association of American Advertisers has examined and certified to the circulation of this publication. The detail report of such examination is on file at the New York office of the Association. No other figure of circulation guaranteed.

No. 97

Some Political Bugaboos

THEY are making a fetish out of the direct primary, just as they are making a fetish out of the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. As if they were a cure for political ills and evils, the pill rollers are making claims that will not bear close analysis. Moreover, the effort on the part of some ardent persons in Arizona and New Mexico to array the advocates and the opponents of the experimental system along party lines is a failure. You take it in New York, governor Hughes, whose Republicanism none can question, is the most powerful exponent, for example, of the direct primary, while in Ohio, governor Harmon, probably the next candidate of the Democratic party for president, braved the terrible wrath of Bryan, who all but read the governor out of the Democratic party because of Harmon's opposition to the direct primary system.

The Herald has no quarrel with the direct primary, and this paper believes that the system may be and often is productive of good results; but it is not an inspired doctrine of political salvation, and it has grave defects. The main point we wish to emphasize right here is that the advocate and opponents of the plan cannot justly be ranged along party lines, and some newspapers and partisans in the two territories are making a mistake in trying to create a party issue out of this and out of the other experiments, the initiative, referendum, and recall, all of which are being tried out in Republican Oregon and Republican California, as well as in Democratic Oklahoma, and numerous Republicans are hypnotized by them just as some Democrats have been.

One word about the direct primary as contrasted with the convention system: The convention system is in line with the spirit of the American government plan, which is a representative democracy of delegated authorities and wide delegations; hence there is room for compromise, the give and take of which all life is made up. Under the convention system the minority of the party has some word in making up platforms and tickets, and a combination of minor elements in the party may even gather to itself such strength as to become a majority and dictate as the majority should; under the direct primary system the actual minority may win and rule through the division of the numerical majority, and thus we may have the spectacle of the majority of the party actually ruled out of party councils and subordinated to the minority. Yet even with this, The Herald is disposed to favor a fair trial of the system in the various states, especially as to the nomination of United States senators, for experience has proved the impracticability of any free choice among legislators as to senatorships, and the system planned by the framers of the national constitution seriously interferes with the other work of state legislatures, besides promoting political corruption.

As for the referendum, it is not always invoked to smash the grafter, defeat the plans of the unfaithful public servant, or take a fall out of the public service corporations; it may even be used to attain an improper end, and it is barely possible that "the people" may allow themselves to be led into a course of action that their better informed and possibly even honest and conscientious elected servants would not sanction because opposed to public policy. Is the recent Los Angeles case forgotten? The city was cursed with numerous immoral dance halls. The city council enacted an ordinance to regulate them. Thereupon the dance hall proprietors circulated a petition, got the necessary number of signers, and secured a referendum upon the dance hall ordinance. The vote was so light that the desirable ordinance was defeated at the special election. No scheme of this sort is automatic; the people must act for themselves.

Through more than a century we have developed the American system of responsible representative government, and now in an hour of excessive zeal some would overturn the whole system and set up a new. The proposal may be submitted to close examination, we trust, without bringing any man's honesty or purpose into question.

A New York man testified before the state senate investigation committee that he once bribed a member of that body, now dead. It is always safe for a witness to besmear the character of a dead person.

While Johnny is worrying because he has to spend six hours a day with his school teacher, many a young man is sitting up nights worrying because he can't have half an hour with her. Age makes a lot of difference in the way a boy views a school teacher.

The Astronomical union is the latest—just formed at Los Angeles by the star gazers of the country—but the uniforms evidently did not arrive in time for them to march in the Labor day parade, for they were not in line.

And now we have an oil well right here in El Paso county. Plateau is a candidate for the laurels of Toyah, Beaumont and Sour Lake. Wait till you hear from Shamrock. An oil field with a name like that ought to put all the others to shame.

Health Of City In Danger

PERHAPS some of the condemned houses in Chihuahuita can be made habitable by improvements without total destruction. But they must be made habitable some way, or destroyed. It would be foolish to turn the thousands of tenants out into the streets at short notice, but a firm and intelligent policy must be adopted and maintained from this time on. Close building inspection and strict application of the laws must prevail. The city has been officially informed as to the appalling facts, and there can be no shadow of excuse for further neglect.

Three circuses and a fair this fall for El Paso ought to make everybody happy, especially the boys between five and fifty.

El Paso ought to know about her population right soon now. They have finished New York, Chicago and Philadelphia.

If Old Man Ripley, of the Santa Fe, would only come down this way, he would find something to cure that pessimistic grouch he appears to be wearing. El Paso can show him so much prosperity that he'll have to wear smoked glasses to keep his eyes from paining him.

Roosevelt had three banquets, made two speeches, shook over a thousand hands and was initiated into a rough-house lodge in Omaha and called it a quiet day. He would probably have to be kicked by a mule, run over by a trolley car, thrown out of an overturned automobile and shot four times in the left foot before he thought things were getting lively.

UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

O, LIFE is a wonder and death is a blunder! It's good to be living and strong! It's fine to be chaffing and laughing, and chortling a tra-la-la song! It's great to be working like blitzen and jerking your living from out of the soil! It's gay to be earning real money and spinning the thought of a life without toil. Most all the repining and grunting and whining is done by loafers, you'll note; the toilers and tillers, old industry's pillars, no time to complaining devote; they skrimish and rustle, they hump and they hustle, and put up their hay in the sun; they mow and they garner and don't give a darn or a whoop for the insolent one. Such fellows are useful; they're worth a caboose full of men who have nothing to do but grunt all together concerning the weather, the crops, and the government, too. I tell you, dear chaffy, if you would be happy, you'll have to get busy and work; there isn't much pleasure for people of leisure, there isn't much use for a shirk. The man who is lazy drives busy men crazy, and over the transom he's hurled; but things keep a-coming to folks who are humming, and this is a bully old world.

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Chas. Mason

Why John Laughed

By Paul Wright

The Herald's Daily Short Story

THE desk upon which Inspector Hodge perched the charges at Little Poppebury police station was a small one, only just large enough to accommodate the elbows of the portly chief. His subordinates, Sergt. Pott and constable Rudge, who were looking at a letter grasped in his trembling left hand, were obliged to lean on their right shoulders in the eagerness to get their noses close to the remarkable document.

It was an anonymous communication, sent by post, and written on a half sheet of note paper in a scrawling, illiterate hand, and ran as follows:

"This is to give information to the police that John Jones, what killed his wife's mother with a hatchet in Brick Lane ten years ago, is come home. I have seen him in the market place with a beard."

The three men read the communication again and again. Then Inspector Hodge spread himself and cast off his inferences from his shoulders.

"Now shall we consider the matter with the air of a general taking counsel with his staff."

Sergt. Pott, a raw, red faced, chinless, country yokel, enclosed between his finger and thumb the bit that was not there and looked wide. Constable Rudge, a puffy cheeked, thickset, short man, rasped a tune on his chin bristles also, and there was a pause.

At last Sergt. Pott uttered words of wisdom.

"I think the best thing we can do is to call at the 'Rose and Crown' and ask if anybody of the name of John Jones is staying there."

"An!" gasped constable Rudge, dazzled by the brilliancy of the idea.

"Very well," assented the inspector sagely, with the air of a general anxiously encouraging his staff. "Do that."

The crime was ten years old, and occurred in the time of their predecessors, for all three policemen came from another part of the country.

Sergt. Pott and constable Rudge set out for the "Rose and Crown." They deployed their forces. Rudge waited round the corner, while Pott strode into the hotel (front entrance). The first person he met was the head waiter (also boots, hotel clerk and hall porter), a flat footed, elderly, double jointed man, wearing the dress suit of a giant.

"An anybody staying here of the name of John Jones?" asked the strategist.

"John Jones?" murmured the head waiter, thoughtfully.

"A man with a beard," added Sergt. Pott.

"We had a gentleman with a beard come last night, but what his name is—wait a moment. That's his bag over there. He's going off today."

The sergeant's eyes gleamed as he beheld that bag, and he snatched it. He took out a brand new kit bag.

Sergt. Pott had a wonderful inspiration. He looked inside the bag. Lo and behold! the name of John Jones was written on the flap of the bag. He went out and beckoned to constable Rudge.

"What's the matter?" gasped the waiter.

"We are going to open that bag it isn't locked. It's a case of murder."

Porter, Sergt. Pott, unclasped the bag, and it flew open. The linen inside was all marked "John Jones" and there was a packet of newspapers, ten together held together by an elastic band. These last contained a full story of the murder of John Jones's mother-in-law.

"Hist!" whispered the head waiter. "He's coming down the stairs."

John Jones was paring his nails as he slowly descended the stairs, and walked right into the arms of the policeman, before he was aware that he was discovered.

"Yes, John Jones with a beard!" They leaped upon him and shook him roughly. "Nabbed!" he gasped despairingly, as he made a frantic lunge to the right. "Let me go!"

It was a valiant struggle, and if John Jones had not been so eager to damage the constables he might have made his escape several times. As it was, he fought until his coat and waistcoat were torn off and all the men about the place, including the lady from the stable, arrived to secure him. Then he surrendered with palpitating resignation.

That a sensation the capture created! The papers were full of the story of the old crime, in spite of its horribly gruesome nature. The whole thing was raked up again in extenso. It appeared that John Jones, the farmer, was a wife's mother were continually warring. He was a heavy, gloomy, sullen, quarrelsome fellow, who was never known to smile; but the mother owned a little money, and was tolerated in her daughter's house. One day she was discovered, killed by a hatchet stroke, in an outhouse, and the drawer containing her money was found to have been ransacked. After that John Jones was never seen again, although all England was scoured for him.

These details are not of overwhelming importance to our story, for it is more with the demeanor of the prisoner during the trial that we are concerned. It was an extraordinary thing that from the moment he was locked in his cell his whole manner changed, and he developed signs of indecent levity.

The long waiting for the trial at the assizes must have damped the murderer's spirits, for when he entered the dock he was very pale; and his step was decidedly weak.

Then came the address to the jury. And what a noble address it was! How valiantly the gentleman in the dirty wig spoke of the unstained character

Will England and Germany Fight?

Important Question Of the Age

MANY OPINIONS EXPRESSED PRO AND CON.

WILL England and Germany

fight? Oceans of ink have been spilled on the last two years in attempts to answer this, the most momentous question propounded in the realms of international politics for many years. And, naturally, it is not answered to the satisfaction of anybody. Curiously enough, the so-called conservative thinkers, speakers and writers of both nations directly interested have replied in the affirmative, and the radicals have said "no."

The one thing certain is that both British and German governments have not scrupled to multiply burdensome taxes in order to prepare for a possible, even a probable, war.

Imperialists, pessimists.

Imperialists, their attention directed solely to the national fortunes of the two greatest European empires, have been able to see only the growing rivalry in politics and in trade which increases the friction between the two countries. They do not scruple to predict an early clash at arms. They say that the continued growth of Germany's political power threatens England's diplomatic supremacy; that the increase of Germany's foreign commerce endangers the prosperity of Britain's commercial empire; and, most important of all, the avowed intention of the land's diplomats to make its navy strong enough to dispute with England the mastery of the seas—all operate together to make the war inevitable.

Democrats, optimists.

Democrats, with minds engrossed by the economic and sociological problems of the age, declare that neither Germany nor England can afford to risk the blood and treasure which would be lost in such a war, regardless of its issue. They say that the growing social intelligence of both peoples is

bringing about a universal recognition of the fact that war is a useless human and economic waste, however glorious politically, the results of which even in the case of the most tremendous victory cannot compensate for the loss involved.

To this argument the imperialists reply that the rapidly increasing expenditure for military establishments to guarantee the peace soon will prove to be more costly than actual war. The Democrats admit this, and suggest that the preparations for war be discontinued and that the poor people of both countries no longer be required to stint their stomachs in order that they may afford the luxury of battleships. And then the dispute goes on, the imperialists denouncing the Democrats as impractical idealists, and the Democrats denouncing the imperialists as inhuman monsters.

The Military Idea.

Military men take a more practical view of the question than either school of politicians. It may be that the wish is father to the thought, but it is a fact that army and navy officers, not only British and Germans, but those of every other nation, are practically a unit in predicting the certainty of war. Perhaps it seems to them unthinkable that such great preparations should be made all for nothing. Their business is to fight, they too seldom get a chance for active service and they always are pessimistically dubious of the efficacy of diplomacy to settle major international quarrels.

A long time ago somebody, in discussing this same question, asked how it was possible for a tiger and a shark to go to battle. That was when Germany was still armed and England was all navy. As long as that condition

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Dorothy Dix Says Woman's Love Is Greater Which Loves the Better, Man Or Woman?

IN DISCUSSING this subject Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, a heart expert, says: "If there is one, has recently made the startling declaration that men love better than women, and that, in fact, a woman is not capable of a profound affection."

I beg to take issue with my distinguished friend on this point. I believe that it is woman whose love is exhaustless as the seas, as undying as the fixed stars of heaven, and that in comparison man's love is like a summer zephyr that can be started by a fan that kisses a cheek for a moment, and then vanishes in a sigh.

This great truth has been put into an immortal phrase by Byron, who declared that:

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart."

"This woman's whole existence," said the poet, "has been backed up by all the poets from time immemorial, who have sung the fickleness of man, and the constancy of woman."

What are the proofs of love? Loyalty and faithfulness—endurance—self-sacrifice. These are the acid tests that we must apply to affection to find out whether it is pinchbeck or pure gold. Words are nothing. Anybody can mouth oaths of devotion that are nothing but empty air. It is deeds that count. If you understand love by what it is willing to bear and suffer for an adored object, by its patience and its humility, by its divine forgiveness, and by the miracle by which it glorifies some commonplace object into the semblance of a god, then, who can deny that woman's power of loving is infinitely greater than man's?

Whether, at the time of marriage, the bridegroom is more romantically in love with the bride than she is with him does not matter. It is vouchsafed to the shallow hearted of us to at least glimpse the grand passion. The thing that counts is the endurance of love, its ability to survive the illusions of matrimony and bloom like a green oasis in the arid desert of household bills, and petty economies, of sickness and nerves, and crying babies, and a finding out that the party of the other part is not an angel, or a romantic hero, but a very ordinary and human man or woman.

Woman's love is strong enough to do this. Man's love seldom is.

The statistics of the divorce court are unanswerable on this point. Women obtain more than three-fourths of the divorces, and most of these divorces are granted because of unfaithfulness on the husband's part. In view of this state of affairs, and the fact that men comparatively seldom change their wives with unfaithfulness, does it not look as if woman's love was stronger than man's?

Nor is this all. One of the most pathetic things in the world is the spectacle that we daily see of middle aged women starving themselves half to death and martyrizing themselves with foolish clothes, and by affecting coquetry and youthfulness in order to try to keep their middle aged husbands in love with them. "Retaining a husband's love," is the technical phrase they use, but you never see a fat, bald headed man of 50 putting himself into any trouble or inconvenience to try to look young and gay to retain his wife's love.

What Woman Does for Love.

This shows that women recognize that a man's love is a fleeting and ephemeral thing that has to be tenderly and carefully and handled tenderly if one would keep it, whereas, men know that wife's love is like a house that you start to drive away, no matter how you start it and beat it, it will come back.

Look also at what a woman will do for love. She will get up and follow a man to the ends of the earth; she will forsake home, and friends and kindred; she will endure poverty and want and hardships; and when she returns just the right to love, but do you know any man who would be willing to do these things for a woman? Don't all answer at once, please. No, I don't either.

Every day you see women who love men well enough to offer up their whole lives as a sacrifice just on the bare chance that they may be able to give some worthless drunkard or roue, or gambler reform, but you don't observe any large number of men whose devotion to weak and unfortunate women prompt them to marry these wo-

men in order to lift them up and make respectable.

Woman's love is also great enough to forgive. Man's seldom is. The wife who drinks too much or is even suspected of being unfaithful to her marriage vows is, in 99 times out of a hundred, cast out of her husband's love, but the world is full of sad eyed wives who get up night after night to let in drunken husbands, or who wait patiently, year after year, hoping, praying, that after the men they love have grown old and weary of pleasure, and younger and fairer faces have ceased to attract them that they will come back to them at last.

A friend of mine who was once traveling on horseback through the mountains of Arkansas, came one day upon a funeral that was being held in a little log cabin. A mountaineer's wife was dead, and she lay in her coffin, a poor, gaunt figure, with work knotted hands folded across her quiet breast, and her husband, as is the custom among these primitive people, arose to pay his tribute to the dead.

"Sally was a good woman," he said, "she was just as faithful as a yaller dog under a wagon."

It seems to me that nothing better epitomizes the love of woman, as faithful as a yeller dog under a wagon. It follows a man through life, content to be always at his heels, rewarded with a careless pat now and then, ready to kiss the hand that strikes it, true, through good or ill repute. It is the love that goes down to the gates of death for a man, that stands in the shadow of his glory, or waits for him outside of a prison wall; it puts the laurel crown on his brow of valor, or on his arms his dishonored body from the gallows.

Man's love never matches this. His love for woman is the flower that he twines about his life, that is its ornament and not its stay, that he wears as easily as a child adorns up with as careless as when changing.

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Abe Martin

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